DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE BEAUTIFUL.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there,

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless,
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—O beautiful sleep!

PRIVATE LAUFER.

I remember well the day we all met at the adjutant's office to receive our portion of a big batch of recruits who arrived on the previous day. Recruits are sent out without assignment except to the regiment in general, "250 recruits to the Tenth cavalry," for instance.

Then the colonel, a stiff old West Pointer, from the general list assigned to each troop the number required to fill up the gaps the last campaign had left. We were all standing around the porch as Church, our adjutant, called off the names of the men for each troop, A, B, C, D.

As each man's name was called he stepped one pace to the front and a side step to the right, so that they would form a separate squad when the list was completed. When my troop, J, was reached, I naturally had a general interest in what manner of men might fall to my lot, but I confess I was not so absorbed as I would have been if I was receiving 20 horses instead of recruits.

However, I was short of good timber just then and was struck by the appearance of the man who stepped out as Church called "George Laufer." His crisp, distinct "Here!" in reply to his name made me think that it was his own and a name he was proud of. The vast majority of enlisted men's names in the army, like those in the penitentiary, are fictitious and run from Christian Scripture to George Washington, with only one rule seeming to govern their selection—the better the name the worse the man. Christian Scripture was the worst soldier, drunk or sober, I ever knew.

Laufer, however, had every mark of a well bred man about him, was of an average height, with a light, strong frame, weighing 165 or 170 pounds; young, with brown eyes and hair, small dark mustache, clean, well groomed face and a complexion that dissipation would have ruined in a week, but which was now clear and healthy.

My sergeant took the squad and marched them down to the troop quarters, where, with my lieutentants, I inspected them, listening to the stories of all the rest—the same old story I had heard a thousand men tell and vary only in detail—as to where they lived, whether they were married, why they had enlisted, etc. Laufer promptly told me all that it was reasonable I should know, and as promptly showed his manhood when any irrelevant question was propounded by declining to answer.

I was satisfied that he had told the truth, and that I had luckily picked up a jewel of a man. I made up my mind that should he fulfill my first impressions during his "setting up" and graduation from recruit to a private, he should be a corporal after one or two tours of guard duty.

The colonel frequently came around from one troop to another during the ceremony of stables. Morning and evening a cavalryman's horse is thoroughly groomed, fed and watered, each private and corporal grooming the horse he rides, the extra horses being taken care of by the recruits or by the stable guard when there were no recruits.

That afternoon I was right glad to walk down with the "old man," as we called our colonel. He was a harsh one and swift in his punishments, yet not slow in his rewards—just, but cold blooded and almost unmerciful, a man in many ways cordially hated by us all, yet in many more ways idolized by every one who knew him. We turned into my troop stables and to my utter astonishment I found my stable sergeant standing with Recruit Laufer, ready for my order to put him in the guardhouse.

Dressed now in his white stable frock and trousers, he looked a typical cavalryman, but there was that in his face—not defiance, rather determination—plainly showing that he had made his decision.

"What's the matter, Sergeant Carswell?" asked the colonel.

"Recruit Laufer refuses to groom his horse, sir," reported Carswell, with his hand at the visor of his cap.

"Refuses to groom his horse, eh?" the colonel asked, with that twang in his voice which every soul from the kid bugler to the lieutenant-colonel knew meant mischief. Then, turning to Laufer, in a manner to make stout nerves quiver, he asked:

"Why won't you groom your horse?"

"Because I am no groom, sir, and because such was not explained to me as part of my duties when I enlisted," said Laufer, saluting, but steady as a veteran.

"The—you say," roared the old man, now far beyond all hope of calming. "Sergeant! Sergeant Carswell! Sergeant!" he yelled.

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant, who had stepped aside to look after the other recruits.

"Sergeant Carswell, have the saddler make a halter for his man, tie him up in this vacant stall when it's on him, feed him in the trough, lead him out to water and bed him with straw uutil further order."

"Yes, sir." Carswell saluted and led my good timber away to obey that order, from which there was no appeal.

"Rather a bad beginning for a man I had picked from the batch to make a corporal," I smilingly said, when we were alone again.

"Oh! you can't tell," the colonel replied, and then we talked about the Wint saddle and the new carbine we were trying and other post subjects, until he left my stables.

Knowing that his order would be obeyed, I paid no attention to it and really forgot all about it among the details of life more affecting my welfare. I wondered if we would get scouting orders just as my next year's leave of absence became due; if there was really an chance to get back that half month's pay I had dropped in the little game last night; if she meant what she said—she was laughing so I could not make out at the time; if the mail would bring me the check which my kind old dad sometimes sent.

Meantime the day was done and another was begun. In the semi-darkness of morning stables I saw Laufer lying on his straw in the stall. I believe I did wonder if he was cold, but knew if he had been I could not in any way remedy it, and so two or three days and nights passed, one very like the other.

Again I walked down to afternoon stables with the colonel. He had not been in my stables since he had ordered Laufer tied up. We slowly sauntered down the long side—opposite the one the new horse was in—asking questions here and there of the men, the "moncoms" and the farrier, and looking over the horse. Then crossing over we wandered up the other side in the same way, till we came to the last stall.

"Sergeant, how is your new horse coming along?" said the colonel as he passed into Laufer's stall, where the private was eating the supper which had been chucked into the feed box. He was apparently oblivious of our presence and paid no attention to the old man as he brushed his hand along his back.

"Seems well groomed, serg uh-nt-uh-h-ah!" grunted the colonel as he fell all doubled up out of the stall.

Lightning was not quicker or more astonishing. That youngster had placed both hands on the rail of his hayrack, and with that springy foundation had planted both feet with electric vigor fairly in the old man's stomach.

Sergeant Carswell had Laufer flat on his back in a second, probably to beat the life out of him. I helped the colonel up, when he quickly called: "Sergeant, sergeant! D—n it, man, don't you hear me? Get away from there and let that man alone!"

"But he kicked the colonel, sir," said Carswell, who started as if to repeat the operation on Laufer.

"Sergeant Carswell, go to your quarters!" roared the colonel, an order which saved the lucky Laufer from further trouble. As it was he had not been punished at all, and I was utterly dumfounded when the colonel promptly ordered his release. Taking me to one side, he said, "Captain, you said you had intended this man should be a corporal?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, have his warrant made out and send it in to the adjutant." Saluting, he went into the next stable while I dismissed my men. I noticed the men all gathered about Laufer and was pleased that he, waving them aside, went at once to his bunk and his books, where he had spent all of his spare time that first day before he was tied up. The next day his corporal's stripes and chevrons were issued to him. He was constantly kept on some special duty which prevented his being at stables.

After a time I needed a sergeant, and at the colonel's suggestion sent in Corporal George Laufer's warrant. In less than a year after, I received "the compliments of Colonel and Mrs. Gregory, who request the pleasure of your company at dinner, Saturday, Aug. 16, 1878, at 5 o'clock P.M., to meet Second Lieutenant (late sergeant) George Laufer of the Tenth Cavalry, U. S A." I attended the dinner with pleasure. Laufer never groomed his horse.—*Russel Francis in Brooklyn Eagle.*

How Linoleum Is Made.

At first sight cork and linseed oil seem mostly unlikely materials for making carpets, yet no less than twelve million yards of linoleum, consisting almost entirely of these substances are produced every year in Great Britain. Linseed oil is specially prepared and mixed with resin found in karhri gum, a curious fossil resin found in New Zealand. Cork is pulverized by a machine known as a cork-breaker, which eonsists of a number of very strong circular saws, rotating close to steel bars the ends of which are toothed in an opposite direction to the saws.

The ground cork leaves the breaker in fine powder and is very dangerous to handle. The material is so light that it easily becomes suspended in the air producing a highly explosive mixture.

It would be safer to take a naked light into a powder magazine than into the building where the cork is ground. All lights are carefully guarded. But in spite of every precaution, explosions are sometimes started by sparks from the machinery. The powdered cork is then mixed with the oil and resin cement. After a preliminary rough mixing the compound is passed into a gigantic sausage machine, where the materials are incorporated thoroughly. The raw linoleum as it issues from the spout bears a close resemblance to German sausages.

The lumps of linoleum are passed through rollers, which convert the material into sheets. These are scraped off the rollers, and the substance is then rolled into a backing of jute canvas or wire gauze, thus making plait linoleum—*Selected.*

Made Him Bow-Legged.

"No," said the gentleman in the bald wig, "I ain't much of a bose singer; but you ought to hear my brother."

"Was he much?" said the gentleman with the pea-green whiskers.

"Much? His voice was so heavy that it made him bow-legged to carry it."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

EDGEWOOD PARK, PA.

The evangelist, D. L. Moody, was in Pittsburg recently. After being frozen out of the exposition building, he held forth for several days at the First Presbyterian Church, on Wood Street. Through the courtesy and thoughtfulness of Dr. L. C. Barnes, a gallery was reserved for the use of the deaf one evening, The deaf responded to the invitation to hear the famous preacher and filled the gallery to its utmost capacity. Mr. Downing and Mr. Stewart interpreted the discourse similtaneously and all were much pleased with the treat. The deaf appreciate such opportunities. They will in all liklihood have a chance to hear Mr. Moody again, when he returns to Pittsburg in April next.

Gallaudet day was observed by the Gallaudet Literary Society, as has been its custom ever since its origanization in 1887 on the 11th inst. The following extensive programme was carried through and the exercises proved very interesting and instructive:

1. Declamation, "Gallaudet," by Elmer Bernsdorff.

2. History of the Gallaudet Society, John Friend.

3. Sketch of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, Emil Strans.

4. Declamation, Hymn in memory of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, Delia Cawley.

5. Sketch of Abbe De'l Epee, Mary Hill.

6. Great Peril of Sicard, B. R. Allabough.

7. History of a Deaf-Mute, Cora Armstrong.

8. Results of the Education of a Deaf-Mute, Gertie Winch.

9. History of the Pittsburg Day School.

10. History of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, G. M. Teegarden.

11 Social Influence of a Pupil, leaving school, John Rolshouse.

12. Declamation, May Acor.

The pupils seem to take much interest in these Gallaudet Anniversaries and perform their part thoroughly and well. Each year they will learn something new in connection with this great benefactor of the poor, the deaf and the blind. They cannot learn too much of him. A large number of outside people were present, among whom were noted, Mr. and Mrs Collins Sawhill, and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Cummins, Mrs. Davidson and daughters, Mrs. Friend and Mrs Siegman, all of Braddock; Misses McBride and Shark, Messers Rinhart and Charles Fritzges, Gorman and Kenyon of Pittsburg.

Old Sol seems to be down on the photographers for he has not shown a smiling face, except at rare intervales for a good many weeks. The phizy makers have been wooing him most assiduously but he is coy, and as a consequense there are lots of orders in limbo, and the persons ordering will have to get other Christmas presents.

There will be some change in the order of Christmas distributions this year at the school. Instead of Santa Claus-down-the-chimney act, there will be a a Christmas tree, loaded, of course, with all manner of daintees gewgaws and tensil; presents, too, and what not, that are calculated to make the young heart glad. A large number of the pupils go home a usual but they will not get to make a long visit, for the mandate is that they go on Friday and return on Monday in time for school.

We wish all readers of the JOURNAL, a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. G. M. T.

Hotel Cherub.

"You are a nice little boy," said the kindly old gentleman at the hotel.

"Thank you," said Tommie.

"Have you any little brothers?"

"Yes," said Tommie. "I've got brothers to burn; but I'm rather short on papas. We've only got one."—*Harper's Bazar.*

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

1897 has been dropped from the calendar. "Bingo" also is no more. He is now a resident of Binghamton. He had some difficulty last year in getting information for the JOURNAL about matters connected with the deaf-mutes. One reason was they were not always as friendly with each other as they should be. There are so few of them in Binghamton, outsiders cannot understand why they cannot live in harmony, and not try to injure and bulldoze each other. "Bingo" was glad to be entirely out of the matter, but he sincerely hopes that in this new year the mutes will all try to do their duty and be more friendly to each other, thereby gaining the approval of the straightforward ones of the community.

We are happy in the expectation of having a social, given by the members of the Episcopal Church, on the 27th of this month. Some of us will prepare to give some recitations that may be interesting to the hearing people.

Prof. Jones stopped at Binghamton, on his way to Buffalo, to give the mutes a lecture on the "County Fair," in a clear and comical manner, at which they laughed heartily and enjoyed it immensely. He was a guest of Mr. Fred. H. King.

Mr. Jacques Williamson came back home two weeks ago from New York, where he was on business, looking after his property.

Mrs. Theo. Gage has been ill, but is being restored to health.

Mr. Tilbury and Miss Neff, of the Rome Institution, are on a vacation.

Rev. Orvis C. Dantzer performed sacerdotal duties at the chapel last month, and also gave the mutes some interesting readings on Legends. He was much pleased with a camera as a Christmas present from his mother. By it he has stolen some of the mutes faces at the chapel, but no warrant has yet been made for his arrest.

Mr. Chas. Colgan has gone to Susquehanna on business.

Mr. James Lynch enjoyed Prof. Jones lecture more than his work, to which he is still sticking at the tannery.

Jan. 4,–'98. FRED.

The Utica Entertaiment and Supper.

Wednesday evening, December 22d, saw the third "Fair" and supper given by the deaf people of Utica. The affair had been well advertised by the local dailies and deaf-mute press, and a good attendance was the result.

Promptly at 5 o'clock supper was served and the tables were full. Seats were hard to get thereafter until nearly eight o'clock, when the entertainment began. This consisted of comic sketches and burlesques in pantomine, interspersed with recitations in concert or solo, by some of the fairest young ladies of Central New York. The first item of the program was music and singing by hearing ladies, of Trinity Church. This was followed by the "Housekeepers" in signs, by Misses May Krause, Frankie Day, Belle Evans, of Rome, Misses Jennie and Edna Winegar, of Utica, and Lulu Martin, of Yorkville. Then a comical sketch, "The Trials of a Photographer" followed, by Walter Wright as photo-artist, W. Marshall, Richard McCabe and Dennis Costolo, as "subjects" for the art.

Those who witnessed it have a pretty clear idea of the seamy kind of life the professional photographer follows, and do not wonder that a prominent deaf p. p. recently quit the profession for one more placid if not as remunerative. Then came the "Minuet," a poem of the long ago, by Miss May Krause This was followed by "William Tell—up to Date" a burlesque rendered by the young deaf people of Utica, assisted by a number from Rome. It was the feature of the evening and kept the house in a roar from beginning to end. Frank Lee, of Utica, made quite a hit as William Tell.

Next was a recitation and umbrella drill, by the same young ladies who had rendered the "Housekeepers" with the addition of Annie Winegar. Miss Dorothy Eddy read this, as she had other pieces, orally, so that the hearing people were able to follow the players intelligibly. The last number was the hymn "Sunof My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear," by Miss Lulu Martin, accompanied by music on the piano by one of the rector's young ladies.

After the play guests made a rush for the tables to indulge in a final smack of ice-cream, which disappeared in short order. The bazar was also well patronized, and the money bag waxed fat and heavy. At 10:30 or thereabouts the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," was taken up, and soon the hall of the Parish House was dark and deserted.

The affair was a substantial success in every way, for which the managers, Messrs. Dantzer and Eddy, wish to express their grateful appreciation of the assistance rendered them by the rector, Rev. Mr. Harding, and the ladies of Trinity Church; to the deaf-mutes, of Utica, who constituted the general committee, and those from Rome, who lent a hand at the play; to the *Register* and JOURNAL for copious notices, and to all who so kindly helped the enterprise along.

Worry and Brain Work.

It is a well-understand fact—at any rate, if is not well-understand, it should be—that it is not work that kills, but worry, and from this text some very sensible and profitable hygienic discourses have been preached during recent years. The conclusion of the whole matter is this: Brain work is conducive to health and longevity, while brain worry causes disease and shortens life. The truth of this statement and its application to what we see around us are sufficiently evident yet it is well that such subjects should be continually discussed.

A life of intellectual labor, although severe, like that performed by the judges of our high courts or by scholars and persons devoted to literary pursuits, if unmixed with excitement and followed with regularity, is not only a happy life, but is seen also to promote bodily health and long life. On the other hand, mental anxieties attended with suppressed emotions and occupations which, from their nature, are subject to great vicissitudes of fortune and constant anxiety, break down the lives of the strongest. Every one has seen a class of men whose early mental training was deficient, and to whom the writing of memoranda was irksome, engaged in middle life in great undertakings and taxing the memory with a mass of complicated business accounts simply because they could more easily remember than write. Their power of memory for a certain class of facts is often turly astonishing, but the strain is at last too much and they die before their time. The brain worry of some of our school children might usefully furnish illustrations of the truth of the same general proposition.—*The Ledger.*

THE UNION LEAGUE BALL.

THE FIRST BALL IN GREATER NEW YORK.

As the day set for the Eighth Annual Ball of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Wednesday, 19th, at Central Opera House, is near at hand, we desire to give a few facts of interest to our friends and the public.

This is the first deaf-mutes' ball to be given in Greater New York.

Boxes at the ball room are opened to the public free of charge.

Central Opera House is situated on 67th Street between 2d and 3d Avenues, and can be reached by all lines.

Doors will open at 8 P.M., and dancing at 10 P.M.

Music will be furnished by Prof. Davis.

Supper will be served *a la carte.*

The committee has gone to great expense in this undertaking. They have arranged everything conducive to the welfare and pleasure of the public.

Come one and all and bring your friends.

Don't forget January 19th.

Committee on Arrangements.

ST. LOUIS.

From our St. Louis Correspondent.

The city dailies have been giving Mr. Edward England considerable free advertising of late, much to that gentleman's displeasure. The original item said that some time ago Mr. England applied some salve to a troublesome corn on one of his big toes with satisfactory results. Later, when a wart appeared on his nose, he bethought of the wonderful corn cure and applied a liberal coating to the wart, causing a sore at first supposed to be a cancer. When Mr. England read in the papers how his proboscis had been slandered, he entered can emphatic denial and had no difficulty in convincing all whom he met that there was nothing the matter with his nose and that it is not ornamented by a wart.

The January Public Opinion meeting was held last evening. The attendance, as usual, was quite large. The principal topics discussed were: The President's Message; the causes of poverty; The criminality of the negro; the abuses of the pension system; interchangeable mileage; and Mr. Wyckoff's experience in a Pennsylvania lumber camp—from *Scribner's*

We think the Public Opinion meetings, which have been held regularly here for nearly eight years, with constantly increasing popularity and attendance, could be held with great pleasure and profit in other cities.

Mr. W. H. Rothert, '98 Gallaudet, yesterday passed through St. Louis on his way to Washington, after having spent his Christmas vacation at his home in Council Bluffs. His mother and sister-in-law accompanied him as far as this city and are visiting friends. Mrs. Rothert was a resident of St. Louis many years ago. Mr. Rothert called to see Chairman Cloud in regard to the invitation received by the Executive Committee to have a meeting of the National Association at Omaha next summer. The vote of the Executive Committee in regard to the matter will be announced shortly. Of course Mr. Rothert voted in favor of accepting the invitation.

The number of belles in St. Louis will probably be increased in the near future by the addition of Miss Roberts, of Mexico, Mo., and Miss Annie Alcorn, of Olney, Illinois.

Miss Mamie Dillion expects to remove to Rockford, Illinois, before very long. This announcement will be received by her many St. Louis friends with sincere regret.

The friends of Mrs. E. Harden have planned to tender her a surprise birthday party, at her home at Clifton Heights, this evening.

Miss Florence Phelps is contemplating a visit to her erstwhile College chum, Miss Alice Taylor.

J. H. C.

Jan. 8, '98.

BROOKLYN.

There has been considerable dicussion by the deaf of the borough as to how they can establish and support a chapel of their own, in which religious services could be held on Sundays literary, and other meetings on week-day evening, and also a gymnasium. Had the deaf such a chapel, much good would be accomplished, but as long as the present hard times continue there is little likelihood of getting one. It is thought that a step in the right direction would be to have a permanent pastor—deaf-mute—who is not only an accomplished sign-maker, but also a man of high personal character and good education.

The man that could fill this bill is Harry Van Allen, B. A. He now supports himself by working at his trade during the week and preaching to the deaf of Albany and vicinity on Sundays. Is there not a wider field for his labors in Brooklyn?

A shallow man may always see the face of a fool by looking into a deep well.

Whenever an ass brays, he probably think she has enlightened the world.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1898.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE negligence of people in postponing the making of wills, has has brought sorrow and trouble to many, and among these are many instances in which the deaf have been the victims.

Of course, one can only surmise what the intention may have been in certain cases, but it is presumed that the verbal statements and reiterations of an individual before death, are conclusive evidence of intention in regard to the disposal of property. Unfortunately, those who talk the most about making their wills, are generally, the tardiest in putting their designs into execution, and their plans are often frustrated by the unexpected summons from the grim reaper, Death.

A case of this character has recently been before a Brooklyn Court, in which two deaf-mute are the litigants. The court has decided against them, but we understand the case will be brought before a higher court.

In the meantime, one of the litigants, who might now be living in luxury, had his grandfather made a will, is in destitute circumstances, and will have a hard struggle to get along in the world should his petition to the court prove a failure.

THE State Board of Charities of Connecticut has submitted its annual report to Governor Cooke.

Among other things, it touches upon the Hartford School and the Oral School at Mystic.

Referring to the American School for the Deaf at Hartford, the report states that the school has experienced another year of continued effort and substantial progress. The contemplated removal of the school, mentioned in the last report, from its present property on Asylum Avenue to quieter and more extensive grounds in the suburbs, has not yet been effected, but a committee of trustees has been appointed for the purpose and plans are being considered in that direction. With modern buildings and improved facilities in all departments, the school will be better fitted than ever to care for the deaf wards of the State.

The report states in references to the Mystic Oral School that "no changes of importance have taken place at the Mystic Oral School during the year and practically the same conditions are existent as described in the last report." The peculiar status of the institution still continues, "being a private school in receipt of State aid but having no representative of the State connected with its management. The arguments formerly made against the maintenance of two schools by the State for the instruction its deaf wards are equally valid to-day."

DUMB MAN SPOKE.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Dec. 28.—Patrick Kelly, a hard-wood finisher, who for over a year has been dumb, suddenly recovered the use of speech yesterday during a fit of anger.

He was greatly surprised to find himself talking and changed his words from cures to a fervent "Thank God!"

He was formerly employed by Mapleson & Co., at Wilmington, Del., and it was when about to curse one of his bosses there that his voice was lost.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

The members of St. Margaret's Mission, Pittsburgh, will have a Social on Monday evening, January 24th, at Calvary Parish House.

Mr. John Viets, of Buffalo, has returned from a pleasant visit to Cleveland. He attended a party at Mr. and Mrs. David Newhouse's residence, on New Year evening, where there were about forty deaf-mutes present.

Mayor Phelan, of San Francisco, has given orders to Douglas Tilden to prepare a life-size model of the famous Vasco Numez Balboa, who, from the summit of the mountain chain which passes along the Isthmus of Panama and binds together the two Americas, was the first of white men to lay his eyes on the broad Pacific. The statue is to be presented to the city of San Francisco to mark his term as chief magistrate and is to be erected on the driveway in Golden Gate Park overlooking the expanse of the Pacific Ocean.

The discoverer's fate was a tragic one. Four years after the memorable day in 1513 which made Balboa's name immortal he was put to death by Pedraria's, the Governor of Darien, who coveted all of the profits of the discoveries of his gallant predecessor.—*Chronicle.*

Made the Dumb Speak.

SERGEANT MCDERMOTT'S FIERCE MANNER CAUSED MAXIE BRUMMEL TO FORGET HIS ROLE OF MUTE.

A suspicious looking individual longed around the corridor of the flat at No. 114 West Sixteenth Street yesterday afternoon until Edgar G. Smith, a tenant, tired of looking at him and asked him what he was doing there. The stranger made some motions in answer, and when Smith looked bored and threatening, drew a pad and pencil from his pocket and scrawled:

"A little to eat. I cannot hear or talk."

Smith was incredulous, and turned him over to a policeman. The prisoner was marched of the West Thirtieth Street station, and when he reached there he was so scared that he forgot his role of mute.

Sergeant McDermott heard what Smith had to say regarding heard the prisoner, and then, glaring at the latter for a moment, put the question:

"What is your name and address?"

"My name is Maxie Brummel I have no home."

Had he played his part well he might have been released. As it was, he was locked up in the cell for the night, and when he is arraigned in the Jefferson Market Court this morning he is likely to be sent to the Island.

KILLS HOSTESS AND HIMSELF.

ATLANTIC, IA., Dec. 27.—John C. Palmer, a deaf-mute, formerly of Oakland, Ia., but lately working a farm twelve miles south, has been in the city since Thursday, the guest of old friends, P. D. Lenhart and family, who recently were neighbors in Oakland. This afternoon he shot and killed Mrs. Lenhart. He then turned the revolver and killed himself. No caus for the act developed at the Corner's inquest.

ONCE DUMB, CAN TALK.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30.—The power of speech has been restored to Maggie E. Lauf by Dr. Willis D. Storer, a staff physican at Augustana Hospital.

Dr. Storer trained Miss Lauf to use her lips as he would a child, and after about two weeks' practice she suddenly partially regained her voice. By constant practice since then she has entirely recovered the use of it.

WAS DUMB THREE YEARS

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 10.—After three years of silence, Willie Gipp has spoken. November 5, 1894, Gipp shot and killed his father and mother. He escaped, and twenty-four hours later was found hiding in a barn, groping about in a mad way for his hat. He was taken to the Asylum, and put to bed, and been there ever since.

In his three years in the asylum Willie never spoke, and he received his food automatically. Half the time he lay staring at the celling, half the time sleeping.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

JANUARY 16, SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY, 3 P.M.

St. Matthew's Church, N. Y.
St. Mark's Church, Adelphi St., Brooklyn.
St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown.
Trinity Church, Newark. Holy Communion.
Chapel of the Intercession, N. Y., 11 A.M. Holy Communion.

National Association of the Deaf.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
4625 WHITTER ST.
GERMANTOWN, PHILA., PA.

Mr. George W. Veditz, of Colorado, has been appointed a member of the Executive Committee of the National Association of the Deaf.

J. M. KOEHLER,
Jan. 6, '98. *President.*

We may stand on the highest hill, if we are only willing to take steps enough.

BOSTON.

Dancing Classes Formed to Teach Deaf-Mutes.

A PICNIC UNDER GAS-LIGHT.

Notes by the Wayside.

From our Boston Correspondent.

For many years it has been noticed at every large entertainment where dancing, with or without music, is on the programme, it is mostly enjoyed by hearing people, leaving deaf-mutes as wall flowers, or to wait until dancing is finished, then those lonely people indulge in other games during the rest of the night, and very often when there is so few hearing people, dancing becomes only a farce.

The dancing at the late celebration was a success, owing to the large attendance of hearing people together with deaf-mutes as partners.

Now a party of gentlemen desiring to encourage dancing, are contemplating plans to give dancing lessons from time to time, perhaps as often as every week, to those who are anxious to learn, to dance. So when a ball comes around, they will be ready for the emergency, and in time they will forget the puritanic games to which they have been accustomed in the past entertainments.

To get an estimate of those who are willing to take lessons in dancing, a dance was given at Park Square Hall, 7 Park Square, last Saturday eve, which over thirty ladies and gentlemen attended.

Mr. J. C. Underwood was the dancing master, assisted by Messrs. J. D. Nichols and J. P. Donahue, and a set of placards showing positions of square dances, etc. A small admission was charge, only enough to pay for hall rent, but many were willing to pay more than they were asked, showing their interest in the movement, so it is to be hoped these gentlemen will go on, and in time the ladies and gentlemen will appreciate Mr. Underwood's efforts in their behalf.

The next dance will take place in the same place Tuesday, January 18th, but under different auspices, though these gentlemen may have the privilege of giving lessons to those desiring them. A large attendance is expected for the reason so many have appreciated the efforts of the committee of the Gallaudet celebration in giving them a good time, and they are willing to help them to make the "Picnic under Gas Light," in Park Square Hall, 7 Park Square, a success, and at the same time get a big scoop of money to pay all debts on account of the celebration.

The committee have had many pledges from those knowing that we had no funds laid by in case the celebration failed, but the committee wish to make money out of local parties as fast as they are able, and those pledging to help them will be the last to be asked to fulfill their pledges.

St. Andrew's Mission, of which Rev. Mr. Searing is rector, is now under direct supervision of Bishop Lawrence, in regard to raising of funds to meet expenses of running the missions.

The Mission used to have a solicitor gcing about the city soliciting subscriptions, at a commission of thirty-five per cent, and Bishop Lawrence thought the rate of commission too much, so hence the change, and Mr. Philip Parcell, who had been a solicitor for that society, is out of work for the present.

The Boston Deaf-Mute Society is still popular in spite of its lack of funds, but the Committee, Messrs. F. W. Bigelow, F. W. Clark and Eugene Acheson, are making preparations for raising funds to meet expenses, and its regular attendants will do well to contribute liberally, or else they will be known as cheeky worshipers.

Mr. Randall Caiger's family is now separated, Mrs. Caiger with her baby in Long Island Home, another child to a friend, and Mr. Caiger all alone in the world as an unworthy husband and father. Rum did it.

Mr. C. C. Glover and family have moved from 155 Cherry Street, Chelsea, to somewhere near Everett Avenue, Chelsea.

Mr. Wm. Bailey must be as good as Evangelist Moody, for he drew about forty persons at the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, and this is an unusually large attendance for a local preacher. This reminds me of Mrs. Bailey dancing a reel, jig, breakdown, or whatever it may be called, at the Gallaudet Celebration, others wondering why she was so happy, and later on, we found out she was celebrating her forty-first wedding anniversary as well as Gallaudet's birthday.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Frank Hall, *nee* Jennie Crimmings gave birth to girl twins some time ago. One of them was taken with spasms shortly after its birth, and died in about three weeks. On examination, the doctors found the heart to be in the right side instead of left side, as it should be.

Jan. 10, '98. PRY.

BALTIMORE.

From our Baltimore Correspondent.

One of the very pleasant events of the past week was a masquerade, given on Friday night, by the members of the Baltimore Society of the Deaf, at its hall. Some of the costumes worn were handsome, while others were comical.

There were about twenty-eight in attendance. An entrance fee of ten cents was charged to enable the committee to provide proper refreshments, and that they provided well, those who were present can fully testify.

The following gentlemen had charge of the affair: Mr. E. E. Butterbaugh and Mr. Wm McElroy. Mr. G. Leitner had the management of the games and was ably assisted by Mr. McElroy. Among the amusements were a "Question and Answer," "Guess Who," and several games. The question and answer puzzle furnished the most enjoyable amusement of all. The refreshments which wound up the evening, consisted of ice-cream and fancy cakes. Dancing continued until the New Year came in, and after handshaking, the mutes dispersed for their homes. Among those present our reportorial eye caught, were: a Japanese, impersonated by Mr. Wm. McElroy; January, by Miss Iola Petit; Flower girl, by Misses Lula Pancost, of Virginia, Helen Addison; School girl, by Mrs. G. M. Leitner; Puritan, by Miss A. Barry; Swedish peasant, by Miss Bessie McGregor; Dutchman, by Mr. P. C. Boss; "I am the 'ole mammy from the South," by Mr. G. Leitner; Indian, by Mr. H. G. Benson; an Irishwoman, by Mr. E. E. Butterbaugh.

On Thursday evening the annual jubilee of the Grace Guild of the Deaf, was held in the chapel room, and gifts of shoes, rocking chairs, dry goods, candies and oranges and nuts, were distributed to all the children of deaf parents, and also the members of the church. Old Kris could not come on account of his wife's sickness, and he sent a letter to Mr. Whildin to act for him, and all had a delightful time. At the close of the distribution, Mr. O. J. Whildin mounted the stage and gave his opinion of disbanding the Grace Guild of the deaf and organizing a new one. The majority of the church members favored it, and we disbanded it and re-organized a new guild, called "The Ephphatha Guild," and elected the following officers—President, Mr. O. J. Whildin; 1st Vice-President, Mr. A. E. Feast; 2d Vice-President, Mrs. G. M. Leitner; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. H. T. Reamy.

The Baltimore Society Christmas treat for the children of deaf parents, was well attended on last Tuesday evening, in the hall. The evening was pleasantly passed by the older ones, and the children were happy indeed.

Miss Annie Barry gave a reception last Saturday, Jannary 1st, at her residence, 1218 Druid Hill Ave, in honor of Miss Bessie McGregor, of Ohio, and Mrs. Geo. M. Leitner. Her lady friends were entertained from 3 to 5 o'clock, and the occasion was replete with pleasure and the liberal exchange of social amenities befitting the beginning of another year. An elegant luncheon was served and a warm and hearty greeting awaited every one who entered Miss Barry's house. Over thirty-two ladies were greeted by the hostesses.

Mr. William Feldpusch is indignant over the constant and irrepressible rumor of his approaching marriage. Existence on this bleak and comfortless sphere is enough to bear, let alone wedlock.

The pupils whose parents live in this city, came home for the holidays. How many of us "growed up" folks envy them their happy school days and vacations also. Alas! these locks of gray; but time must on.

Miss Bessie McGregor and Mr. George Schafer are back at Gallaudet College, having had an enjoyable holiday vacation in this city. The former was a guest of Miss Annie Barry.

Mr. and Mrs. Buxton's baby was baptized by Rev. M. Powell, who named her Dora Elmira, Mr. O. J. Whildin interpreting the services for the benefit of the deaf-mutes. After the baptism, the mutes repaired to the chapel, where Mr. Whildin took his text St. Matthew, 10:24 which was impressive.

We will have another Masquerade ball on 21st of February.

MYRTLE.

Jan. 8, '98.

To get the good out of the years, we must learn how to live each hour well.

If you talk to a mule about voice culture, take care to keep away from his heels.

STATE OF OHIO.

The Governor Recommends New Buildings.

EVENTS OF HOLIDAY WEEK.

The Home Officered--A Wedding--And a Surprise Party.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Ohio's Law-making body assembled in this city, Monday, and we will have it with us for the next few months. After the Senatorial matter has been gotten out of the way, we have great expectations that our institution will receive the recognition due it from the members, in a way that will benefit the school and those for whom it is established.

Governor Bushnell, in his message to the legislature, has this to say of our institution:

Recently the success of the education of children who are both deaf and blind has again been demonstrated. There are several of such grievously afflicted ones in Ohio, and humanity would dictate that we should give to them the care and education now offered the more fortunate children who are only deaf or only blind. By a small annual appropriation for the work, this new branch of benevolent education could be established. I commend this subject for the kindest consideration, and I believe it will appeal to the charitable instincts of all.

The Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb has had an unprecedented increase in the number of pupils, and it is now apparent that the facilities for lodging them and for proper schoolrooms are inadequate. The building as it now stands, was intended to accommodate 350 children. On November 15, 1897, there were 462 pupils and many applicants for admission who could not be received. The old school building, which was erected in 1867, has never been suitable for its purpose, as the rooms are small, poorly lighted and poorly ventilated. There are now six more schools than can be accommodated, and the officers have been compelled to adopt the half-day system with some of the classes, even after using the reading rooms for school halls. The number of deaf is increasing in proportion to the population, and has almost doubled in the 30 years. There is a great demand for the education of this class of children, and there is reason to believe it will continue to grow as the opportunity offered by the State is more fully appreciated. The management of the institution have asked for appropriations to erect two new buildings and inaugurate desirable improvements. Under all the circumstances I think the general assembly should do the best possible in recognition of the request.

The teachers held an interesting meeting Monday afternoon, and had up for discussion, "Language Teaching." Mr. McGregor leading off with a half hour's talk on the topic. We had Miss Leilia Booth, of the Indiana Institution, and Miss Anna Clark, of the Fanwood School, here as visitors during the holidays. Both live in this city. Miss Booth attended our Christmas entertainment with a friend, and were as much stuck on it as any of the silent witnesses of it.

Mrs. Ed. L. Conger, in company with Mrs. E. I. Holycross, was making the round of the class rooms Monday. She had come up from a visit to her parents down in Clermont County, and stopped here for a couple of days to renew old acquaintances.

Mr. John W. Sutter, of Shelby, and Miss Lena France, of Mansfield, turned over a new leaf on the initial day of the year, in that they threw off single blessedness and resolved hence forth to link their fortunes together. Rev. A. W. Mann united them. Both received their education at this school. We extend our congratulations and best wishes to them. Miss Kitty Munnell, assistant attendant to the little boys, and Mr. Morse Albert, one the pupils, attended the wedding. Their home will be in Shelby where Mr. Sutter is employed in a bicycle works.

The Ohio Home for the the Aged and Infirm Deaf has now a Superintendent and Matron. At a meeting of the Board of Managers last Thursday evening, Mr. Albert G. Byers and his wife were chosen to the respective positions. Both the appointments are good ones. It has long been desired that a gentleman of responsibility and who could look after the management of the place, and in Mr. Byers, we think he has been found.

Mrs. Emma Bard was given a surprise party at the home of her brother, in Findlay, where she is visiting, on Christmas. A most enjoyable time was by all had.

We got names rather mixed in our last It should have been Miss Ethel Pollard instead of Miss Kellog who was a schoolmate of Miss Lowery in the Cincinnati Oral Day School, and she was not the guest of Miss Lowery exactly, but is a niece of our soon-to-be ex-Steward Pollard.

Good skating and sleighing down the knolls this week. Slippery and slushy, too.

Jan. 8, '98. A. B. G.

A fool's company is not hard to find.

Opinions never change the weather.

Honesty has never found a substitute.

Gold loses its shine, when it is gotten by guilt.

THE DEAF OF INDIA.

Mr. F. Maginn, superintendent of the Mission Hall for the Adult for the Adult Deaf and Dumb, Fisherwick Place, has received the following letter:—"India Office, Whitehall, London, S.W., 21st December, 1897. Sir—Referring to my letter of the 25th June last, I am directed by the Secretary of State for India to inform you that the petition on the subject of the education of the deaf-mutes in India has been circulated by the Government of India to local governments and administrations, with the instruction that, while they adhere to the view that the assistance of Government in this matter should, as a rule, be limited to grants in aid of public or private charity, local governments should do what is possible consistently with this principle to further the formation and maintenance of institutions for the training of deaf-mutes. The attention of Lord George Hamilton has been drawn to the charge made in your letter of the 17th August, 1896, addressed to 'The Times' newspaper, to the effect that the Indian authorities had been guilty of a gross violation of their solemn promise to assist the Calcutta Deaf and Dumb School. I am to state that the facts of the case are reported to be as follow:—The authorities of the school having applied in 1894 for a Government grant in aid, a promise was made that, when the scope of its usefulness icreased, Government would render assistance. In 1896 the application was renewed, and a grant of 125 rupees a month and an amount equal to the income of the school from private sources was given. This year the grant has been increased to 150 rupees from a month. The school also receives 100 rupees from municipal funds.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, (Signed) Horace Walpole. To Mr. F. Maginn, Belfast, Ireland."—*Belfast (Ireland) News.*

BAD ADVICE.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I see that Dr. Gordon advises teachers to go to Washington next July. He is at the head of a committee in a meeting to be held there, and naturally wants to get as many teachers as he can to attend.

Of the good taste of such advice, when he knows that the National Convention of teachers is to be held at the end of the same month, and in a healthy locality, I will say nothing. But as to accepting the advice, I say to every teacher—*don't.*

I have been a student at Gallaudet College and know what I am talking about. Every one who has lived in Washington knows that from the middle of June to the middle of September, its climate is apt to resemble that of Hades. It is generally so hot early in July that life itself is a burden to endure, to say nothing if the added agony of meetings in stifling halls and sweating crowds that this advice carries with it. I will wager one hundred to one that the teacher who goes will see a big meeting of unmercifully sold people,—and pay for the sight with his own peace, health and comfort.

A TEACHER.

GREELEY'S WRITING.

There was only one printer who could read Greely's writing well enough to put it in type. He used to boast that he could read the great editor's wondrous scrawl a mile away.

One night the boys in the *Tribune* composing room "put up a job" on the old man. They took two roosters made them walk around on a newly inked form and then run all over ten sheets of copy paper.

The foreman wrote over it in Greeley's well-known acrawl: "The Plain Duty of Congress," and put it on old man Lawton's hook. I think his name was Lawton, but if it was not it does not matter much.

The old printer picked it up, swore a little, remarked that they had to shove the stuff on the old man, as usual, adjusted his spectacles and began sticking type.

The others printers watched him for a few minutes, but beyond a muttered oath or two he gave no sign. Lawton went on setting type until half-way through the "copy."

Then he was stuck.

He took the copy over to the foreman and said:

"Jack, what is that word?"

"I don't know," replied the foreman. "You know I never could read the stuff."

Lawton took the sheet down to Greeley and pointed out to him a particulatly awful scrawl of the rooster's foot, asking him what word that was.

Greeley looked at it a moment and repled with a frown:

"Unconstitutional," of course." Lawton went back to the composing room and finished his task with the utmost sang froid.

The old man never knew how the "copy" was produced.—*Journal of Education.*

Storm Stressed.

Hard are Thy lessons, Lord, to learn;
Heavy our cross, nor are we strong,
And oft with weary hearts we turn
To Thee and ask, How long, how long?

How long must we with every day
Wake to fresh knowledge of our grief,
And from the heart's dumb sorrow pray
To Thee for quick relief?

Deep are the waters, and our bark
Flies, rudderless, before the gale,
The pilot seems to sleep, and dark
Is the long night and torn the sail.

O Lord, hold out Thy beacon light!
Bid Thou the hungry waves be still,
And guide our storm-stressed boat aright,
According to Thy will.

For well we know whatever life
May bring before our course is run,
Whether in sorrow, joy or strife,
It is Thy will, not ours, be done.
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Pearls of Thought.

Modesty never shows up to good advantage in the dark.

The smaller the hole a man gets into the louder he howls.

Some people are never so happy as when they are miserable.

Smiling through tears makes the most beautiful of rainbows.

There are promises it is more honorable to break than to keep.

Many people look as if their religion did not agree with them.

That which we acquire with most difficulty we retain the longest.

Rest often so recuperates a fellow that it makes him too lazy to get to work.

Our bravest lessons are not learned through success but through misadventure.

Activity is liable to commit some injuries; but indolence is sure to do no good

Half the people who pretend to make love, could be arrested for counterfeiting.

A good man has good principles and sticks to them, no matter who throws mud at him.

A man cannot think of very mean things to say to his enemy until his enemy is gone.

It is not so much what a man does that he is condemned for, but what people think he does.

Don't put off or continue a job because it is hard or distasteful. Just hammer away and end it.—*Current Events.*

A Numerous Man.

"Dull place, ain't it?" said the conductor.

"Rather," answered the drummer, "especially if you've got to stay here four hours."

"Oh, well, you won't be without company."

"But I don't see any. Who are they?"

"Well," said the conductor, speaking slowly, as if he were reckoning them up, "there's the telegraph operator, the booking clerk, the cloak-room clerk, the signal man, the storekeeper, the accident insurance man, the postmaster and one or two other officials. You'll find 'em inside the station."

"That isn't so bad," the traveller thought, and as the train started he entered the door. The station was dimly lighted, with no one in sight but a sandy-haired man at the telegraph instrument.

"Where are the others?" asked the traveller.

"Who?" answered the operator.

"Why, the cloak-room man, the booking clerk, the postmaster and the rest."

The man began to grin.

"O, its that conductor again," he said.

"Well, where are they?" repeated the traveller.

The sandy haired man tapped himself on the chest.

"Them's me," he said, "come in and sit with us,"

The traveller, appreciating the joke, of a sort of *e pluribus unum* reversed,—accepted the invitation, and found himself in pretty good company.—*Yankee Blade.*

Why Not.

The absurdity of "treating" has often been pointed out, and is now placed on a practical basis in part of the country, if we may believe the following extract from the Louisville *Post:*

Three men walked into a Louisville drug store the other day and one ordered drinks. He and one other asked for soda-water, and the clerk turned to the third.

"What will you have, sir?"

The man looked at the one who was treating and said:

"You know I don't like soda, John."

Then turning to the clerk, he said: "Give me five postal cards.

Lack of Experience.

The McGeachy family was moving one morning last week, says the Chicago *Record.* The household goods were stacked on the sidewalk in front of the flat building. A wagon about the size of a summer cottage was backed up, waiting.

The bright neighbor came along and saw McGeachy staring at his possessions.

"Hello,! Mac! Goin' to move?"

"Yep."

"I s'pose it's cheaper to move than it is to pay rent?"

"I don't know. I never paid any rent."

NEW YORK.

Chat Suggested by the Conditions

AMONG ORGANIZATIONS, ET CETERA.

December a Boom Month for Births--Doings Among the Silent Fraternity.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbary's address is 208 East 59th Street, New York City.

The balmy weather of the past few days seems to betoken an early spring, which will, if true, be welcomed by the cyclists, among whom there are a quite a hundred and fifty of the deaf, and 'ere the gentle zephyrs of spring are wafted across the Greater New York, a round two hundred may be calculated on within the new municipality, and if but one half of them will join either the Silent Wheelmen or the proposed Brooklyn Cycle Club and the two become affiliated, then the greatest organization composed of the deaf will be in existence, and Greater New York will be ahead of Chicago, which at present has the largest organization.

Speaking in this strain recalls that a state of affairs prevails in the second metropolis of America as the first, for the Pas-a-Pas Club has dwindled in members like the League of Elect Surds, but the former has suspended the initiation fee for a certain period, as an inducement for new enrollment—something the Surds night well consider. But it appears the Surds are satisfied with the present status and will not flinch, even if the membership runs down to twenty, in which case the dues would necessarily be increased, and the club become some secret order that it would be hard to join in later years.

J. F. O'Brien, in the *Register*, seemed to have inferred from a former remark in this column that I had said the League of Elect Surds was being forced to the wall by the younger element. I did not mean the club itself, but its public affairs, the receipts of which have decreased year by year. Of course the club will live for many years yet, and I am sure of at least fifteen members who would stick to it till the end of their alloted lives.

The Union League has had an injection of added strength since the Lexington Athletic Club walked the plank. At least six of the Lexington Athletic Club's former members have been recruited to the Union League. Their ball next Wednesday, the 19th, will be watched with interest. The committee are sanguine of a large attendance and consequently a financial and social success, and it is deserving of such, as well is any affair that is gotten up for the pleasure of the deaf. Central Opera House is easily accessible from all parts of the city, and the hall itself is one of the best that could be secured for the purpose.

I have been wondering and wondering why tacks and glass and kindred splinters had such an attachment for my bicycle tires, while my most constant companions escaped the punctures and chafed me on my cheap outfit. Two in particular now must be avenged. Of one I will tell it in time, and if any one cares to inspect the editor's rear wheel, he will discover after a careful scrutiny a plugged hole. It happened last Saturday. Just how I know not. I was leading and the editor was behind stealing some of my force by the wind I protected him from. His hind wheel tire collapsed and the editor sank a full inch in humiliation as well as distance from the road. Poor tire? Oh, no; it was glass and the misfortune to ride over it while I escaped it by three-eighths of an inch. And Captain Soper got a dozen punctures last Fall, which I forgot to tell, and he has the best tires according to the wheelmen's verdict. Poor tires? Oh, no; glass.

A little item of interest I should have recorded last week escaped. No reward is offered, however, as the item has been found, and is to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Herman Eschert, of East 83d Street, are extremely happy, and they have reason to be, for it's a little girl baby that came to their house on December 30th, in the afternoon. Herman is holding his cigar a few degrees higher. By the way he also handed me two of Upmann's best and is welcome to bring some more.

E. Souweine has for the second time been forced to seek more room, and now is located on the second floor of 208 Canal Street, having moved down from the third. He now has quite ample room, and expects a good business during 1898. Indeed, business seems to have taken a spurt since the birth of the greater city, for in all branches it is reported as excellent.

Henry Kohlman left for Atlantic City, Saturday, from where he will go to Philadelphia and Washington and return in time for the ball next Wednesday.

The many friends in this city of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, of Yonkers, rejoice with them on the advent of a little girl baby, which came four days too late for a Christmas present.

By the way, December, 1897, beats all records for births among the deaf, it seems. There were at least a dozen in this vicinity, and girls predominated. Oh, for that Vienna doctor's secret, whereby, as he claims, the control of the sexes may be effected.

Harry E. Babbit, of Boston, stopped in town for a day last week on his way to Georgia, where he goes partly on business, to look after some property. He has not changed nor grown a bit in fifteen years.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Carrie Brautigam to Mr. A. Capelli, took his fellow members in the League of Elect Surd by surprise. They and a host of other friends surely wish them good luck. June is said to be going to have a day fixed for them.

I find the following advertisment in the Sunday *World*:

COAL AND WOOD YARD for rent; $200 a year; would exchange or sell on easy terms; cause deafness. M. S. Woodward, Red Bank, N. J.

Is deafness a bar to business?

On January 25th, there will be an interesting guild meeting at St. Matthew's, and there should be a good attendance. All are invited, members or otherwise.

T. W. Brown wishes to deny that he has made "several thousands" out of the advertising business. He says that his profits are about four dollars on every souvenir journal he gets out. He gets out four a year. Tom has a merry twinkle in his eye when talking business.

Trenton News and Notes.

Editor Hodgson keeps on sending the JOURNAL, just as if I were a regular correspondent, when, in fact, I have not written for the paper in a fortnight. Of course, I could not expect to get it for nothing, because in these days people are not "getting something for nothing," so I again take up my pen and scratch off some news—some thats old, some that's new, and some that's never been told. But right here let me say I wish my old friend, "A Quad," much future happiness, as I see he has decided to take a partner for his life journey. There is no "bike" news to tell about—no one killed or no one dead. So, while the sitent steeds are taking their well-earned rest, let us all join in with "A Quad," by wishing you all "a happy new year, and hope for good roads."

Here's a good story—and a true one—as true as "A. L. P." stands by the Telephone column. The story was told me by an old gentleman, a personal friend of nine, which is as follows:—

"In the city of New Brunswick, about fourteen years ago, there lived a family who had a son who lost his hearing at an early age. The parents tried in vain to get their boy cured of his affliction, but, alas and alack!—failed. When the boy was about twelve years old, he was sent to work in a large factory in that city. The factory in which he was employed had a great amount of machinery therein, and when it was set in motion, it made a noise terrible to hear.

"One morning the boy went to work as usual, but arrived at the factory before the machinery was started. His fellow workmen were gathered around, talking to him, when suddenly, the machinery started. The boy was seen to run and jump, and carried on like a crazy man. He could not be quieted and had to be taken home, when, in arriving there, he quieted down (and, will wonders never cease,) and it was found that his hearing was perfectly restored, and to-day he is alive, and hears as well as any one.

Reuben C. Stephenson, of baseball fame, is working in Trenton, having secured a lucrative position in one of the largest potteries in the city.

Isaac R. Bowker is now steadily employed in a lamp globe factory, and says he is well pleased with his position.

Frank Purcell and Frank Nutt are still working in their places, as usual.

"Bob White," your humble correspondent has only to say "Yes," and then he can secure a position in the Government printing office at Washington, D. C. He has a reason to decline the offer. So let it rest.

Harry Smith contemplates taking a trip to Paterson on February 5th.

I will close up by wishing all JOURNAL readers A "Happy New Year."

BOB WHITE.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

JANUARY.

16—A.M., Indianapolis, Service.
16—10:30 A.M., Indianapolis, Holy Communion.
16—4 P.M., Indianapolis, Service and Sermon.
17—2 P.M., Terre Haute, Lecture.
17—7 P.M., Terre Haute, Service and Sermon.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Athletics is the Topic of the Day.

WAITING FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP FLAG.

Brevities.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9, 1898.—With the beginning of every term is found much of the same routine, both in studies and societies, preliminary to the real business of the term. The second term of the collegiate year of 1897–'98, at Gallaudet, began with the usual morning service in chapel, at nine o'clock. Then the lessons for the following day, and the order of recitations for the term, were posted on the bulletin board, which soon almost disappeared behind the mass of black and white. Then the students all settled right down to business, eh? Well, none too zealously, be sure; and many a student and teacher both would probably willingly draw a curtain over the first day's recitations of any term. There was good skating still Monday at Chevy Chase, and who could resist such a temptation.

Monday, the Reading Room Club inaugurated the series of society elections. The class representatives on the Committee are: Eickhoff and Erd, '98, Bath and Bumgardner, '99, and Carrell and Sowell, '00. The committee organized with Eickhoff as chairman; Bumgardner, secretary; Bath, treasurer; and Sowell, librarian. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, the periodicals for the ensuing term were sold at auction, the bids amounting to about eleven dollars.

The G. C. A. A, election should have been held Saturday, but that clashed with that of the Lit, which had prior claim, so the former election was called one day earlier—Friday afternoon. It resulted as follows: President, Peterson, '98; vice-president, Picard, '99; secretary, Sowell, '00; treasurer, Norris, '01; scorer, Ohlemacher, '99. These with the baseball manager and captain—and a field-day manager who will probably soon be added—compose the Board for the remainder of the year.

At a special meeting of the Association in the fore part of the week, an amendment to the constitution in the form of an "appendix" (evidently our athletes are not afraid of appendicitis) was presented, providing for the election of a field-day manager, who shall have entire control and management of the track-team. A captain will be chosen by the Board not more than two weeks from field-day, from among the candidates representing us, who are also to be selected in the same way. All this arousing of interest in track athletics is made necessary by the rules of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association of Maryland and D. C., to which, as our readers know, our college belongs. Each college of the Association is required to have representatives in at least two events. Our boys seem to have sufficient enthusiasm, and that is all that seems necessary to secure a good rep esentation, as there is some very good material among them. The amendment will be voted on the coming week.

Saturday, a meeting of the Intercollegiate Association was held at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and was attended by our representatives; Prof. Ely, Mr. Whitlocke, '97, and Mr. Eickhoff, '98. The main business of the meeting was of great interest to us, being the decision on the inscription, color, cost, etc., of the football championship banner. The inscription is to be arranged in five lines, as follows: (1) Football Championship (2) of the (3) I. A. A.. of Maryland and D. C., (4) 1897 (5) Gallaudet. The reverse side is to bear the names of the five colleges of the Association. The banner is to be dark blue, with gold lettering. The rules, as first adopted by the Association, provided that the banner should cost fifteen dollars; but at Saturday's meeting, it was decided to allow the cost to run as high as twenty-five dollars, if necessary, in order to be sure of having a banner worthy the dignity of the Association. It was awarded Gallaudet formally by vote, but it will probably be some time before it is finally finished and given us. At this meeting was presented an application for membership by the Baltimore Medical College; but it was decided that only colleges, having a full undergraduate course for the degree of B.A., or its equivalent, were eligible. Some points connected with guarantees in case of rain, and a few other like questions, came up for discussion, but they were finally left to the Athletic Committee. The Athletic Committee remained after the adjournment of the meeting, to decide the baseball schedule as far as possible. All the colleges had full representation at this meeting except Maryland Agricultural College, which had none. This college (M. A. C.) was declared to have forfeited its game with Western Maryland, and its protest of the game with St. John's was not sustained.

In the baseball schedule, as arranged by the Athletic Committee, Gallaudet is booked to play as follows: J. H. U., at Baltimore, April 23; Western Maryland College, at Westminster, April 30; St. John's, at Washington, May 7; M. A. C., at Washington, May 28. All is very satisfactory for us except the St. John's game. The night before that is Presentation Hop, and the reader can judge in what condition for play the players will be after dancing all night.

Field day will be held on Saturday, May 14th, if possible; if not, then the 21st. The events are to be arranged by a committee resident in Baltimore—where the games will probably be held—and consisting of Mr. Fechtig, of St. John's, chairman, and Mr. Scholl and Dr. Crenshaw, J. H. U. men. The games will be of the usual kind, probably with the omission of hurdle races and the mile walk.

Thus far, our baseball manager has arranged the following games: Georgetown Uuniversity, at Georgetown Field, March 30th; M. A. C., return games, April 13th and May 18th; Episcopal High School, of Virginia, at Alexandria, April 20th; and University of Maryland, at home, May 11th. Those are about all the games possible with outside teams, owing to the state of our finances. Several games will be arranged with the High Schools, and one or two with the National Catholic University, if possible. The season, weather favoring, will begin in the forepart of March.

To return to the societies, which, when getting on the scent of sports, the writer forgot (?) entirely—the Lit reorganized Saturday forenoon. Eickhoff, '98, was chosen president; Davis, '99, vice-president; Souder, '00, secretary; Hemstreet, '01, treasurer; Peterson, '98, critic; and Carrell, '00, librarian. Hodges, now ex-'00, was admitted to honorary membership. It was also decided that all former members of the Society who owe either financial or literary debts—*i. e.*, fees fines, or essays, shall be suspended from honorary membership till such indebtedness is made good. This seems just, for why should the Society honor those who can leave such "debts of honor" unpaid so long?

The O. W. L. S. has elected the following board for the term, their officers corresponding exactly to those of the Lit: Misses Leyder, '98, McGowan, '98, Lamson, '00, Taylor, '00, Runck, '98, and Griffis, '99. The officers in charge of their reading-room are Miss Young, '98, president; Miss Marshall, '00, secretary and treasurer; Miss Lamson, '00, librarian; and Miss Lindstrom, '01, assistant-librarian.

The students, at a meeting Saturday, decided to have a gymnasium exhibition, as usual, every year, but to charge moderately for admission and give the proceeds to the G. C. A. A. treasury. A committee to have it in charge was chosen as follows: Erd, '98, chairman, Davis and Stutsman, '99, Long, '00, and Norris, '01.

A lecture of the faculty series was given by Prof. Draper Friday evening. It was a plain business talk on how to prepare for business while in College here, and contained much sound practical advice. He dwelt much on good manners and appearance, good permanship, and speech and lip-reading.

Sidney Fay, a son of our Doctor, after passing through Harvard and receiving a position as instructor in Spanish at Radcliff College, has pursued a post-graduate course at his *alma mater*, and recently won a prize of $150 in gold for an historical essay.

Dr. Gallaudet gave a reception to the faculty and normal class, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ely. The latter are now at home, at 623 Florida Avenue, just opposite our gate, but they are not quite settled yet.

Mr. Whitelocke, '97, and Mr. Moylan, a deaf friend from the city, visited the college in style one day last week, coming in an elegant carriage drawn by a fine span of blacks, and presided over by a model negro coachman The former is considering Greeley's advice: "Go west, young man, go west." In this case it is to his native State, to go in business. He seems to be doing well enough now in his poultry business, but has good reasons for the change. He had been ill in town for a couple of weeks before this.

Several students were slightly "under the weather" during the week, but all are now better.

Rothert, '98, is the last of the students to return. He reached here Monday morning. The other absentees all returned before school began.

The writer was the first member of the Mutton-chop Club to sacrifice his prospects of a prize and the fine of ten cents, as a preliminary to the Baltimore trip. A. E.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Club Has a Social Time.

RECEPTIONS AND PARTIES.

Visitors During the Holiday--Brief Items.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

New Year's Eve was the occasion of a large gathering of deaf at the rooms of All Souls' Church, where "open house" was held. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, there were over a hundred present, including a few hearing people An evening of sociability was spent. Short addresses were made by Rev. J. M. Koehler, Mr. R. M. Ziegler, and Mr. S. Frankenheim, of New York. They were well received, especially the humorous parts, and thus may well have served the purpose of giving variety to the evening's pleasures.

Besides these, an oyster supper was the chief feature of the evening, but, unfortunately for the Church Treasury, the Committee, having the matter in charge, miscalculated in providing a sufficient supply of bivalves for the host of would-be epicureans. Mr. William Fries served as "Chef" with much satisfaction, and he may have been partly responsible for the rapid disposal of the supply of oysters, but, instead of finding fault, we have only praise for him, and his assistant, Mr. Harry G. Gunkel. The supper was under the management of Mr. R. E. Underwood, Mrs. Underwood, Miss Dora Kintzel, Miss Katie Eisele and Mrs. F. Stumpf, who deserve credit for their efforts to assist the church.

Miss Katie Eisele gave a supper to a few of her friends on Wednesday evening, December 29th. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Underwood, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Reider, Mrs. Louisa Slifer, Miss Susie McKinney and Miss Eliza Loughridge.

A reception was given to Mrs. Benjamin Lanius and Miss Camilla Barnitz, of York, Pa., by Mrs. Mary H. Rocap, whose guests they were during Christmas week, on the evening of New Year's Day. A pleasant evening was spent and nice refreshments were served the guests. Among those present were Mrs. M. Vancourt, Miss M. E. Taylor, Mrs. M. J. Syle, Mrs. Lydia A. Harrison, Mrs. E. E. Roop, Mr. and Mrs. H. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Underwood, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Reider, Misses D. Kintzel, C. Ford, May and Nettie Stemple, and Messrs. Wm. McKinney, M. C, Fortescue, Chas. H. Sharrar, F. C. Smielau, Thos. D. Delp, and Wm. A. Miles.

Another party was also given on New Year's evening, in Frankford. It was given in honor of Mr. Edward P. Hackett's birthday. The members met at the residence of Washington Houston, and from thence proceeded to the house of Miss Hannah P. Wright where the surprise was revealed to Mr. Hackett. Some of the members were in masquerade costume, and greatly enlivened the evening with their fun. A very nice collation was served at 11 o'clock. Those present were: Mrs. Rachel Wright, Messrs. John, Thomas, George, and Charles Wright, Messrs, Shoemaker, Hackett, Schmidt, Barnes, Goteh, Ida Kent, Ida Spurr, Ella Lutz, Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston, Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Elliott, Frank J. Shoemaker, Joseph Tafe, Adolph Yerkes, John Kohlman, Jr., John E. Clausen, Thomas Spurr, Pierce Hess, and J. Forrest Ibach.

Among the visiting deaf to the city during Christmas week we noticed the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Baker, of Berwick, Pa.; John W. Shappell, of Reading, Pa.; Geo. E. Chathams, of Altoona, Pa.; Albert Schreiner, of Pittsburgh, Pa; Isaac Golland, Jr., of New York; Chas. J. Butcher, of Lebanon, Pa.; Miss May Stemple, of Gallaudet College; Miss Nettie Stemple, of Stroudsburg, Pa.; Miss Camilla C. Barnitz, Mrs' Benjamin Lanius, and Elmer E. Brooks, all of York, Pa.; Mrs. S. J. Bayne, of Brooklyn, N. Y; Morris N. Garbett, of Oliphant, Pa.; Samuel Frankenheim, of New York, and Lewis I. Ash, of Phœnixville, Pa.

Two children were baptized by Rev. J. M. Koehler in All Souls' Church on Sunday afternoon, December 26th. One was the girl of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Delp, who was named Helen, and the other the boy of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones. Last Sunday the same clergyman baptized Henry Albert Oakes at the same place.

John P. Walker, Esq., has been engaged to lecture before the Deaf Mutes' Mutual Club, at its rooms, Eighth Street and Girard Avenue, on Saturday evening, January 29th. An admission fee of ten cents will charged.

John P. Walker, Esq., has succeeded Mr. E. A. Gruver as editor of the *Mt. Airy World*. The change was made simply to suit a new arrangement which the Board of Directors desired for Morris Industrial Hall. We feel that we may at least say a word in application of Mr. Gruver's efforts to bring the *World* up to its present standard. The *World* was never better than during his incumbency. That it may become better still is only what may be expected of anything else in this progressive age. We heartily congratulate Mr. Gruver for the success he achieved.

The selection of Mr. Walker as Mr. Gruver's successor, is very agreeable to the deaf as far as we have been able to learn. He is known all over the State or wherever the graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution are scattered. The deaf entertain a warm regard for him. Though a lawyer, Mr. Walker prefers to work for the good of the deaf. It is well known here that he takes such an interest in them, that he could not be persuaded to take a law case against one, while he would readily defend the deaf in other cases.

We wish Mr. Walker unbounded success in his new work and trust, that the deaf will rally to his support with one accord.

Mr. F. W. Booth spent part of the holidays visiting his sick mother in Iowa.

Mr. S. Frankenhein was the guest of Mr. H. E. Stevens, of Merchantville, N. J., during his brief visit here.

Mrs. Michael Higgins visited her son in Newark, New Jersey, recently.

Mr. R. M. Ziegler spent a couple of days in his native town—Carlisle—during the holidays.

Mr. Thomas Breen was invited by the deaf of Steelton and vicinity to give a reading on New Year's evening. He reports having had a very pleasant visit there.

Mr. Jas. E. Morony also visited Steelton recently.

Peter Moran, a deaf-mute, was assaulted by a jealous colored man while at work in the Bible Publishing House, 8th and Washington ave., recently. The man was arrested and given a term in the House of Correction.

While attending to his work, last Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett was suddenly attacked by a large St. Bernard dog, belonging to his employer, and bitten in the palm of the right hand. The wound, while painful, did not appear serious, nevertheless, Mr. Lipsett was taken to the Howard Hospital, where the doctors cauterized it as a precaution. We were informed on Sunday that an operation would probably be performed on it this week. We hope nothing serious will come of it.

The non-appearance of the last 1897 JOURNAL, several days after it was due, led us to surmise that the form was pied; but, oh! we were mistaken.

Jan. 10, '98.

J. S. R.

Hedges as an Interpeter.

Magistrate Hedges acted as an interpreter this morning when a deaf-mute was arraigned before him on the charge of larceny. John Dougherty of 34 East 134th Street was the prisoner. He was charged with stealing $2 from Louis Sterns of 303 East Sixty-first Street in a saloon at 920 Columbus Avenue. The money had been placed on the bar for Sterns, but Dougherty got it first.

When asked what he had to say in defence, the prisoner touched his lips and his ears and shook his head.

"Oh, that's right in my line," said Magistrate Hedges, as he opened a sign conversation with the defendant.

This pleased Dougherty, apparently. His fingers flew in self-defence and explanation. They went so fast, in fact, that the prisoner got about a dozen motions ahead of the Magistrate. Despairing of beating the man at his own language, Magistrate Hedges seized the gavel and rapped his desk so hard that it startled every one in the court room except the prisoner, who never heard it. Finally the Judge said: "Stop! stop! stop!" with both hands, and the pantomime came to an end.

The prisoner had explained that while intoxicated he had mistaken Sterns's money for his own, but that he had afterward returned it at the West 100th Street police station. He was discharged.—*The Evening Sun.*

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Apppointments.

JANUARY.

22—7.00 P.M., Edgewood, Lecture on Europe.
23—10.30 P.M., Pittsburgh, Holy Communion.
23—3.00 P.M., Pittsburgh, Service and Sermon.
24—8:00 P.M., Pittsburgh, Social.
26—7.30 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton.
27—7.30 P.M., Christ Church, Parish House, Binghamton (Social).
28—7.30 P.M., St. Paul's, Owego.
30—3.00 P.M. St. James, Watkins.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,
17 Glenwood Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

CHICAGO.

An Increase in the Club's Roster.

EXCITEMENT IN COURT.

News of the Week, and Events to Come.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

[News items for this column may be sent to F. P. Gibson, 3439 Prairie Ave., Chicago.]

Next to the December meeting of the local club, the January meeting is always the most interesting. The meeting Saturday was no exception to the rule; the new officers being installed and yearly reports of the old ones read. Outside of this routine work, the feature was the admission of one new member and application filed of seven more. James I. Sansom was the one admitted, and Messrs. William Allman, J. F. Roth, Washington Barrows, Frank Holton, Max Himmelstein, Henry Hensel, J. J. Piskac the applicants. The annual entertainment committee will consist of Messrs. Wayman, Sansom and Dougherty, for 1898, and much is expected of such a triumvirate.

Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fritz celebrated the anniversary of their wedding, at their cozy residence, extending to a party of friends a very pleasant evening in a social way. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Bowes and family, Mrs. Raffington, Misses Treider and Sinclair, Messrs. Cotton, Barrows and Zollinger.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kleinhans died early Saturday morning. The funeral occurred Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Hasenstab officiating, at their home, the burial being at Graceland. A large attendance of deaf and hearing friends were present. Mrs. Hasenstab rendered "Nearer, My God, To Thee," in signs, during the service. Messrs. Codman, Dougherty, Kaufman and La Motte, acted as pall bearers.

The aged father of Mrs. E. D. Hunter died of old age last Friday, the funeral occurring Sunday.

This from a late edition of the *Tribune:*

Every unemployed man about the insane court this morning went running for Bailiff Gano when John Linehan came into court and began to talk with his hands. The patient was deaf and dumb and exceedingly happy.

He stood up by his seat and tried to talk to Judge Carter in the sign language, grinning broadly the while. They can translate almost any sort of language over at the tention hospital on court day, and the wheels of justice were not clogged by Mr. Linehan.

Bailiff Gano put the man on the stand and then began to talk rapidly to him with with his fingers. The demented man said he had lost his soul. In about three minutes the jury had made up its mind as to the case, and the man was ordered sent to Dunning.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Whitmore, of Le Porte, Ind., were in the city lately.

Louis Lyons is about to depart for Texas at least. His folks are packing up preparatory to moving there.

The Ladies' Aid Society held its annual election of officers at its January meeting, January 5th. The result was as followed:

Miss Bessie Wayman, President; Mrs. G. T. Dougherty, South Side, Vice-President; Miss Alice Brown, West Side, Vice-President; Mrs. E. D. Hunter, North Side, Vice-President; Mrs. A. B. Grant, Gano and Vicinity, Vice-President; Miss Eliza Gabler, Secretary; Mrs. E. Weller, Treasurer; Mrs. C. J. Hasenstab, Society's Visitor.

The new entertainment committee announces a lecture at the large hall of the Pas-a-Pas Club, January 29th, by Ex-Supt. of the Illinois Institution, S. T. Walker. Mr. Walker's subject will most probably be life insurance. An admission fee of ten cents will be charged, the proceeds to help swell the fund started by the St. Louis Gallaudet Union for printing the proceedings of the last convention of the National Association. All are invited to attend and help along with their dimes.

A whist tournament with prizes, will be held by the members of the club, Saturday evening, January 22d. Entry is confined to members only. Mr. Liebenstein is in charge of the affair.

Next Saturday night, January 15th, will see the eighth annual ball of the Pas-a-Pas Club in full swing. It is to be a masquerade ball and four prizes are offered, two for each sex. J. K. Watson and an excellent committee have charge of the arrangements. Oxford Auditorium on 31st Street near Cottage Grove Ave., will be the scene of the festivities.

F. P. G.

Services in the Diocese of Albany

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16TH.

3.00 P.M., Evening Prayer, Johnstown.
7.30 P.M., Evening Prayer, Amsterdam.

There will be no services at Albany and Troy on this day.

H. VAN ALLEN,
Lay-Missionary.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

GALLAUDET HOME.

While Mrs. D. Porter Lord was visiting in New York a month ago, she called to see Mrs. C. M. Nelson on matters relating to this Home.

Just before the holidays set in, the Girls' Guild of Zion Episcopal Church at the Falls, sent articles of underwear, boxes of candy and white muslin; but that was not all, for they presented each of the inmates with Christmas tokens in the shape of handkerchiefs, socks, aprons, books, ornaments, etc. The young ladies were very kind.

Matron Davis left here for the metropolis on a night train, Wednesday, December 8th, to attend the funeral of her daughter-in-law's mother, which took place the following afternoon. Mrs. Josephine Bigelow was in charge of the house until Mrs. Davis came back, and everything went on well.

Mr. Clarke happens to be the oldest of the inmates. He was born and educated in Ireland, but has passed most of his life in the United States and likes it.

Mrs. Robertson received from Middletown, N. Y., last month, a handsome square clock and a package containing some black cashmere for a dress. She is in receipt of a picture which came all the way from Santa Barbara, Cal. It represents an ancient Mexican building, which probably still exists in the town.

One Sunday afternoon recently, a deaf-mute old lady, whose name we forbear to divulge, fell on the pavement in front of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, in New York, where she went to attend a service. Not wishing to alarm her folks, she kept the matter secret for a few days.

A short time ago, several pairs of pants were brought here from Sweet, Orr & Coto's, establishment at Wappinger's Falls. Mr. Thompson Goring was the donor.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills Chamberlain has been on a brief sojourn in New Orleans, La., this winter. She enjoyed the trip hugely, but was glad to get home again. A number of years ago she made frequent calls at the Tombs in New York City, in connection with mission work among the prisoners, some of whom she was instrumental in leading to Christ.

Mrs. Edward H. Parker, of the Ladies' Board of the Home, has just lost her aged father. He was a retired Episcopal clergyman and widely known.

On Christmas day, each of the women were given a pretty white apron accompanied by a card of greeting from the Ladies' Sewing Circle, of Spackenhill, N. Y.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in a conversation with the writer while he was here last month, speaking of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, remarked that God is leading us. In due time a new church will be erected exclusively for them. He does not appear to be in the least bothered about what has been said or written concerning consolidation. As the matter has been settled and nothing more can be done, let it go.

Some time ago, Bennie Friday's mother forwarded him a package for his Christmas. She always remembers her boy.

Charles F. Gardner spent a two weeks' vacation on his premises lately, he is pursuing a college course in Syracuse, N. Y., and expects to graduate next June.

Thursday evening, the 3d ult. Matron Davis came to us with the pleasant news that a bird had got into her apartment. After flying about the little visitor made his escape through an open window, but returned. The kind-hearted lady allowed birdie to stay till morning, when he took his departure. It was a good omen, for Mrs. Davis a received lots of gifts, Among them a bonnet brush with a silver top, from Kingston, Ont., a vase filled with lovely cut flowers, from a friend in Astoria, L. I., and several books, one of which is entitled "Sweetest Stories Ever Told."

The number of inmates in the Home is twenty-two, they being equally divided. Mrs. Mary E. Totten died last April, and John Oberg was admitted in June. David Oakes wanted to be independent and left, but he is incapable of self-support and finds it hard to get along.

Christmas has dwindled into the dim vista of the past, leaving behind memories mingled with joy and sorrow. It was cold and beautiful. Greetings of the day were exchanged. In the morning, we went to the chapel and took our seats, a letter which Rev. Dr. Gallaudet had addressed to us, was read. He began it by saying that he hoped we would have a very happy Christmas at our comfortable home, and reminded us of the often quoted passage from Holy Writ, "Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on Earth, Good Will toward men.

The dining room, chapel and main hall were trimmed with evergreens. Some of the women hung wreaths of the same material in their rooms. The dinner consisted of roast turkey, cranberry sauce, prepared corn, potatoes, bread and butter, tea, cottage pudding and cider. It was not a sumptuous meal, but very good and better than many got. We had Madeira grapes, candies, bananas, oranges, cakes, preserves and different kinds of nuts. No callers dropped in, but Mr. C. L. Mann was here and conducted evening prayer, shortly after which, the inmates wended their steps to the large reading-room, where they indulged in plenty of fun. Tailing the donkey, blind man's buff, and other games were played. Mr. Clinton told a laughable monkey story. His sign-making was nicely rendered and understood. Richard lost his eyesight in childhood, but despite the misfortune, he is a jolly fellow and does not brood over it. When the hour hand of the clock on the marble mantel pointed to ten, those who were in the apartment knew that it was time for the amusement to break up and seek repose.

Mrs. Robertson, of Poughkeepsie, sent a nice engraving as a holiday donation. She takes a warm interest in the Home and its afflicted inmates.

A heavy snow storm visited this portion of the country on Sunday, December 26th. Mr. Mann preached a beautiful Christmas sermon. He spoke of the little star which guided the wise men to the humble abode in Bethlehem, where Jesus Christ was born, and his mission on earth.

Janitor Gardner happened to be in Poughkeepsie on the 29th, of last month, and on his return he brought a big supply of groceries from the Sunday school children of the Church of the Holy Comforter (Episcopal), of which Rev. Robert Fulton Crary is rector. Each scholar contributed something.

New Year day was observed in a quiet manner here.

On looking over the New York *World* of a recent issue, we found the following caption: "A Digital linguist." It referred to Magistrate Hedges and a deaf-mute named James Dougherty, who was taken before him in a west side police court on a charge of intoxication and theft. Mr. Hedges said his mother was deaf and that he learned the sign language from her. After he had sifted the case, Dougherty was discharged.

January 4, '98. LOUISE.

GREENSBURG, PA.

Farewell to 1897, and welcome to 1898.

Mother Earth is covered with a foot of solid snow, and sleighing is excellent in the extreme. Skating is a sport among young and old. A friend and I expect to go sleighing out into the country, a distance of eight miles, some evening this week, on condition that the snow still remains unmelted.

Miss Gertrude Fitz Randolph, author of "Social Purity," made her debut in this city recently, where she sold a lot of books with fair success. The writer has been informed that Miss Randolph is a semi-mute and fine looking, and hails from Salem, West Virginia. Will Mr. Boland let us know, through the columns of the JOURNAL, whether the lady, in question, was educated at Romney?

The great window glass factory, at Jeannette, in which Louis Hogenmiller was employed, will resume operations about the 15th of the present month, after an idleness of almost seven months. This was owing to the difficulty between the company and glass workers in regards to the scale. All difficulties have been amicably settled at last, and all the men have decided to go to work on the above mentioned date. Mr. Hogenmiller, tells us he will receive from $125 to $140 per month. It is gratifying to say that the company regards him as one of the best window flatters in the department of the plant.

Matthew Lebo, of Crafton, having been the guest of his sister, Mrs. L. Hogenmiller, of Jeannette, for some time, returned home not long since. He will come back, provided that some of his friends may succeed in obtaining a situation for him at the Great Glass Works. We sincerely hope that he may succeed, for he is a good, whole-souled, jovial fellow.

At the Edgar Thomson, Braddock, several deaf men are busy as beavers day and night. They say that they will, in all probability, be given an increase in wages before long. Success to our friends.

Felix Hogenmiller, of Jeannette, thinks seriously of selling an 1897 Columbia bicycle, and if successful, will then purchase a chainless Columbia wheel for $125. Felix is one of the best and fastest riders in Western Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Pool, of Hunker Station, spent New Year's and Sunday, the guests of the former's married sister, of East Greensburg. James is still an earnest supporter of agricultural principles. Strange to think, he does not believe in poultry raising; but nevertheless we are inclined to presume that the poultry raising business would be a profitable and successful one.

Miss Davis is staying with her married sister in Braddock, having come across from the old country more than six months back. She had schooling at Scotland, and is to all appearances a lady of intelligence, and with lightning-like rapidity can use both hands. When asked how she liked America or Scotland, she replied that in her opinion, America is the best nation on the face of the globe.

Mrs. Mary C. Siegman, of Nashville, Tenn., is stopping with friends at Braddock, having come direct from Dayton, Ky., last November, where she had been the guest of an old lady friend for some weeks past. It is said that Miss Bott, lately of Buffalo, N. Y. is now residing with her parents in Kensington, about twenty-five miles north of Greensburg. Kensington is a growing town of about 5000 inhabitants, and is noted for its manufacture of glass and tin plate.

Ye local was the happy receipient of a number of Christmas presents, among which was an elegant traveling toilet case, the gift of his brother, now located in Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Robb, of Greensburg, expect to occupy a new frame house within two weeks. Mrs. Robb's father did the carpentry work, and made her heart glad by the present of such a good house.

John Clarke, of Williamsburg, Pa., stopped in the country for a short time last November, on his way to Mt. Pleasant. Your correspondent, while about the railroad station, happened to meet Mr. Clarke, who at first did not recognize him, but tsoon he knew the writer's name We had not seen each other for a period of seventeen years, the first time since leaving the old Philadelphia school. The meeting between us was undoubtedly of a pleasant and joyous nature. Mr. Clarke is a rising young farmer, and is managing his father's farm. He intends to enter upon the sea of matrimony in the near future, when his father will present him with a handsome residence and 125 acres of land, so it is said. Good luck to Johnny.

Prof. Stewart, teacher, at the Edgewood School, interprets for the benefit of the deaf-mute members in the United Presbyterian Church, Braddock, every Sunday morning. He is a sign maker of efficiency and grace.

The Greatest Amusement Center of the Greater New York.

Now that New York City is the second city in size in the world, it is interesting to consider the amusements of the great city. The Eden Musee has distinctly a field of its own, and it has no competitors. Its fame has extended over the whole world, and none of the wonders of New York have been so much talked about. In its large halls and corridors are hundreds of wax groups and figures which show the great events of history. Every figure in every group is made with greatest care, and the costumes worn are either original costumes or perfect duplicates of those worn by the original individuals. But the wax exhibits are not the only attraction at the Musee. It long has been the great musical center of New York. One of the best orchestras in the world, consisting of twelve artists, give a concert of classical and popular music each afternoon and evening. These concerts have attracted all lovers of the best music and each concert is well patronized. In addition the Musee has also become the permanent home of the Cinematograph—that wonderful machine which reproduces scenes that have taken place with such perfection of detail and movement that it is difficult to realize that the original scene is not being again enacted. Each hour during the afternoon and evening the Cinematograph gives an exhibition of twelve moving pictures, and as the pictures are changed each hour a wonderful variety is secured. Many of the pictures were secured especially for the Musee and at great expenses. The Musee has now artists in Cuba and in the Klondike regions, and the results of their efforts will be placed on exhibition as soon as possible. All the scenes shown are of the highest character. To see these pictures is like taking a trip around the world as nearly every country is shown and also collections of people in native costume and taking part in national customs. A new set of pictures is added each week. Under new executive management the Musee is gaining wonderfully in popularity. It is the best patronized amusement place in the city, and scarcely a day passes that does not see a new group placed on exhibition or an old group remodelled and made better then ever.

Aluminum Hairpins.

Aluminum wire is made of various sizes and used for a variety of articles. Among its newer uses in the manufacture of doors and window screens. When exposed to the weather such screens do not rust. Aluminum wire is used in the manufacture of hairpins.

In a few cases in this city aluminum wire has been sold to put on roofs for use as clothes lines. The wire sold for this purpose was No. 6 gauge, which costs 60 cents a pound, and 1,000 feet of which weighs twenty-four pounds.

Aluminum pigs sell now at about 42 cents a pound; which is about half the price of a year ago. The sale of manufactured articles of aluminum is all the time increasing, and things in great variety are made from it.—*New York Sun.*

Untouched.

"Tommy," said a father to his first born, "have you been at those six apples I put in the cup-board?"

"Father," said Tommy, looking into his eyes, "I have not touched one."

"Then how is it that your mother found five apple cores in your bedroom, and there is only one left on the plate?"

"That," said Tommy, as he dashed wildly for the door, "is the one I didn't touch."—*London Spare Moment.*

NEBRASKA.

The Silent Cosmos Club is still in existence and gaining strength and popularity. On December 10th, the club met with Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie. Miss Eleanore Cornish gave a short sketch of the life of William Shakespeare, whose works the club is perusing. Mr. Gillespie spoke on the wisdom of having an organization, where we could meet for discussions and social intercourse.

He thought we could do no better than to labor *together* for one or any object.

Then Mr. Comp spoke on the leading question—President McKinley's Message.

In response to a call for a speech, Mrs. Gillespie gave a short sketch of each of the members as they appeared for the first time at the Nebraska School.

She told some reminiscences, which she thought were too good to keep. All enjoyed her talk and clamored for more, but she said it was time for her children to go to bed, which was a hint for adjournment. We adjourned only to be led into the kitchen, where the fun in taffy-pulling was prevalent.

The "light fantastic toe" was tripped later on.

Miss Cornish and Mr. Wilden were considered the best dancers. At a late hour we reluctantly turned our thoughts homeward. On the preceding Friday we gathered at the home of Miss Stella K. Forbes.

Mr. Comp continued President McKinley's message. Rudolph Stuht gave an essay on "Greenbacks." He told of its origin, its past and present value: how and why it was dispensed with. It was interesting.

Miss Jane Lockhart gave the declamation "Kate Shelby." She told of the girl's rescue of an express train in a graphic manner. Miss Crawford, then gave Macbeth. A *Bee* reporter called and wrote a very complimentary article in the paper of the 18th.

Mr. Comp's horse too kit in her head to take a walk around to keep warm. Her disappearance caused a little scare, but she was speedily found, to the great joy of Mrs. Comp, who hated the idea of walking home in the cold, and Mr. Comp was unspeakably joyful because, in losing the horse and buggy, he would have been short of a few "chinks."

After good-byes were said, a very pleasant and profitable evening was brought to an end.

The last meeting was held at "Cherrycote"—the lovely home of C. E. Comp, on New Year's eve.

Mrs. Comp rendered "The Tempest," in such a manner that she brought down the house. She made it intelligible even to the unlearned.

Mr. Comp resumed President McKinley's Message and stated the public opinions thereof.

There were many visitors, and this subject seemed to be a great revelation to them.

The Cuban and Hawaii questions seemed to have interested them most.

Miss Stella Forbes rendered in a touching manner, the declamation, "The Dying Year," which was fitting for the occasion.

The odor of pop-corn wafting from the kitchen brought a motion for adjournment.

Having fed the mind to suffocation we were ready enough to adjourn.

New Year came in and found a very merry crowd to welcome it.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie have a lovely home at Omaha. They occupy the house which is known as the "General's Mansion."

The fort is deserted; the soldiers having moved to Fort Crook, a more commodious location recently completed at the cost of $800,000.

There is not a more beautiful place than Fort Omaha, especially in the summer time. It is not far from the exposition grounds.

Mr. Gillespie's school bids fair to rank among the largest and best private schools.

R. Stuht, a pupil of Mr. Gillespies, went home to spend the holidays with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Aronson and children called on Miss Cornish, Christmas day. They have a comfortable home, twelve miles west of here. Mr. Aronson is an industrious farmer. Mrs. Aronson is a typical farmer's wife.

George W. Young, who has been in Oregon, Cal., and vicinity, was a caller at "Cherrycote" last week. He is now at Plattsmouth, his former home, looking after his property.

Mr. Waldo H. Rothert, a student at Gallaudet College, is spending the holidays with his parents, Superintendent and Mrs. Rothert, of the Iowa School.

He called on Miss Forbes last Monday and Sunday afternoon at "Cherrycote."

He found quite a number of his Nebraska friends there. It was hard for him to divide his attention equally among them, for each wanted to do all the talking. The all absorbing topic was the National Convention.

Chris. Jensen, who was graduated last June with first honors, returned to Omaha last week. He is in hopes, with the help of Mr. Gillespie, to get work in the city. The Cosmos Club welcomed him as a member,

Prof. W. E. Taylor, formerly head of the Aural and Oral Department in the Nebraska School, was called to the death-bed of his mother. He arrived too late to see her alive. He has the sympathy of all his friends in his sad bereavement.

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Comp is out of work, which was caused by the political changes in the Nebraska School, he was able to make a very happy Christmas for Mrs. Comp and Baby Ruth.

On awakening Christmas morn, Ruth was surprised and so happy to find a beautifully decorated little tree, made all the more beautiful in the glow of the candle lights. She found many presents for herself, for papa and mamma, and for a few friends who were there. Ruth is but two years old, yet she signs so readily and understandingly. She talks and hears all right.

Mrs. Comp called on Mrs. Angie Fuller Fischer and found her health about the same.

Mrs. Fischer is as busy as ever in her literary works.

Mr. Dulany gave his wife a fine new steel range for a Christmas present.

The following clipping, from the *Omaha Bee*, shows that the Nebraska School is deeply involved in politics:

Miss Edmiston, a sister of the chairman of the populist state central committee, has been given a place at the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. She succeeds Miss Ota Crawford, a republican, who has resigned. The change occurs the first of the year.

It does not matter whether the children receive good instruction or not, so long as the "pops" get the "plums."

The newly appointed instructor knows absolutely nothing about the deaf nor the work; yet Supt. Dawes, in hinting for Miss Crawford's resignation, said that he had hundreds of applications for places, and that he could take his pick from among the best in the United States. He as much as said Miss Crawford was not a good teacher, whereas she was considered one of the best in the profession by the former Superintendent and by others who are acquainted with the work. Not for this reason, alone, was she removed, but for many false accusations.

MISS OMAHA, NO. 2.

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